

Good Morning 619

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Learning the Tricks, A.B. David Williams

Why England is Proud of the Philharmonic

BEFORE the war the English had the reputation of being an unmusical nation. However true that belief may have been at the time, the war years have proved the fallacy of this idea.

In 1932, Sir Thomas Beecham formed the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the first concert given by the combination proved to be something of a revelation in the standard of orchestral playing in this country.

Within a very short time the L.P.O. established its reputation as being second to none among the great orchestras of the world. Not only did it appear at most of the English Musical Festivals, such as Leeds, Sheffield and Norwich, but it became the permanent orchestra for the International Grand Opera Season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and for the Russian Ballet Seasons which were given each autumn at the same Opera House.

TO add to its many triumphs, the Orchestra visited Brussels in the summer of 1935, then in 1936, at the invitation of the German Government, the Orchestra made a fortnight's tour of Hitler's Reich.

In the spring of 1937 they appeared at the Paris Opera House, and the reception given to their performances in these "musical countries" left nothing to be desired.

But as the war-clouds gathered over Europe and international affairs became more strained, Sir Thomas Beecham found that the financial support, which in the early days had been so willingly given to the Orchestra, was no longer available, and in September, 1939, the Orchestra was forced to retire in a state of liquidation. But this didn't suit the players themselves!

They felt that the country still needed good music, and they formed a committee of playing members.

The L.P.O. toured all over England, Scotland and Wales, visiting towns that had never seen and heard a symphony Orchestra in the flesh, and eventually succeeded in building up



a music-loving public which, like Oliver Twist, kept asking for more.

The early visits to these

towns in war-time Britain were something like a nightmare. An orchestra of approximately 70 players arriving in a strange town, often in the "black-out," and then having to look for accommodation to sleep,

bering more than 30,000 people. The programmes offered great variety, and apart from the more popular symphonies, such as Schubert's "Unfinished," Dvorak's "New World" and Tchaikowsky's "Pathetique," included works such as The

either before or after the concert was but one of the many discomforts encountered.

This sort of thing was a daily occurrence, as the L.P.O. was appearing in a different town each day, and at the week-end they always returned to London in order to play at the Sunday concerts which were then being given at Queen's Hall. This meant that all-night journeys from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle or Manchester were frequently necessary.

Sometimes the players slept in concert halls, railway stations, and even police stations.

In Manchester, Newcastle and Coventry the concerts were at times interrupted by air-raid warnings, and on occasions when the all-clear had not sounded by the end of the programme, the orchestra has returned to the platform and put on an impromptu performance.

By July, 1940, the position of the L.P.O. was again very precarious, but thanks to the timely help of Mr. J. B. Priestley, who organised a "Musical Manifesto" at Queen's Hall, renewed interest by the general public was again aroused, and Mr. Jack Hylton arranged for the orchestra to appear at a number of the largest music-halls in different parts of the country.

The first appearance under Mr. Hylton's direction was at The Empire, Glasgow, and it is interesting to note that the L.P.O. broke the record for this theatre the record having been previously held by the presentation of the famous B.B.C. feature—"Band Waggon."

During the week the L.P.O. gave 12 concerts, two each day, and played to audiences num-

Blue Danube waltz, William Tell and Poet and Peasant Overtures, and George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

In Manchester, one Lancashire lad was heard to remark that it had taken Hitler

SINCE you were home on leave last October, A.B. Bonymaen, and that he and David Williams, the biggest grumble at 45, Danygraig Road, Swansea, is that Brian, your 20-months-old son, is leading everyone a regular dance; and if what we are told is true, Grandpa Webb is the cause of it. He's teaching the kid all the tricks!

You see him here with your wife, Winnie, all poshed-up—just going to town to see what can be done with the latest issue of coupons, plus the latest issue of Navy money.

You'll be interested to know that your father (Petty Officer

Your wife met Muriel to-day with Keith, her 11-months-old son. The baby's grand again after his set-back. Your mother-in-law has heard from Don Webb—he's O.K.

The jolly old staff of life provider—your father-in-law's bakery—is still feeding the multitude here in Danygraig. Getting ready with new ideas for hot cross buns. Your wife's final words were "Tell him I got his two letters to-day, and send him all my love—don't forget that."

to make him realise he was "a bloody highbrow."

The L.P.O. has made a special feature of concerts for young people, and in many towns have given afternoon concerts which have had audiences of 2,000 or 3,000 school-children.

The programmes have been presented with conductors who have a special gift for explaining the different items to the children before and during the actual performances.

In May, 1941, the L.P.O. again met with disaster. On a Saturday afternoon they had been playing at Queen's Hall, and as they were due at the same hall for a rehearsal and concert on the following day, most of the players left their instruments there in readiness.

On arriving on the Sunday morning they discovered Queen's Hall to be nothing but a ruin—bombed out.

But the players decided that the concert must be given elsewhere, so from various sources they obtained the loan of other instruments, and only half an hour later than the advertised time the concert was given in The Duke's Hall at The Royal Academy of Music.

At various times during these five and a half years the L.P.O. has given a number of concerts, sponsored by the Allied Governments operating in London.

Russian, French, Polish and Czech composers have all been featured in turn, and now that France has been liberated a number of French conductors and soloists have visited this country, to appear with unqualified success at the L.P.O. concerts in London, Bristol, Birmingham, and other provincial cities. England has indeed cause to be proud of the L.P.O.

Memories for Tel. Eddie Lee



WE visited No. 70 High Street, Reigate, Tel. Eddie Lee, one Sunday afternoon, and found your wife seated by the fireside writing to you.

She had spent a very enjoyable morning looking at "cur flat" and enjoying a "light" at the Yew Tree which is at the foot of Colley Hill.

Look to your prowess at billiards and darts. Your wife threatens to whitewash you at darts unless you play the same kind of game as you did on that putting green with Kay.

All at No. 46 and 2 (?) are keeping well and looking forward to your return.

Your wife closes by saying she is counting the days when spring flowers turn to summer roses.

Fortune of the Buttercup's Cousin

ANEMONES are appearing in the streets of London again, for it takes more than a war to stop the supplies of this attractive flower of vivid colours.

Only a few years ago the brilliant Du Caen anemone, with its flaming petals of various rich colours and green ruff, was practically unknown. Some were expensively imported from Holland, but none ever appeared on the street barrows.

Now it is the most popular bloom of the moment. It is the flower with a success story entitled "Triumph of the Buttercup's Cousin."

Yet it is only a few years ago since the vicar of the little Cornish village of Lud-

vah, returned from a holiday in the South of France and brought the first seeds to England.

He wondered whether the giant anemone, which bloomed in abundance on the Riviera during the winter months, would also flower in the warm soil of his Cornish rectory garden.

His first anemone patch covered four square yards. The next year he gave some seeds to a friend in the nursery trade. So began a new and profitable industry.

In seven years the number of anemone growers had risen to a small army of 1,000. Farms devoted to this flower sprang up in many sheltered spots of the Devon and Cornish coasts.

Men in grey inland mining villages began to raise anemones in their back gardens. Retired civil servants and others living on a small pension turned eagerly to the prospects of anemone-raising as a hobby. Smallholders discovered a new era of prosperity.

Farmers discovered cheerful accounting in anemones. Corms could be bought from Dutch salesmen for 10s, a thousand,

An acre of anemones, costing £40 to plant and £25 to weed, and £35 to cut, bunch, box and market might bring anything from £150 to £250.

Before the war, 6,000 people were engaged in the anemone industry and 1,000 acres of the West Country were devoted to this flower.

The turnover of the industry stood at somewhere around £250,000, and as many as 600,000 blooms were handled at Covent Garden in a morning.

Down in Cornwall, on a farm overlooking the tranquil Fal, I recently saw this year's first gathering of anemones. The men have been called up, but the older women are carrying on.

There is nothing very spectacular about it, for the flowers, when gathered, remain half-furled, and the squat, damp rows of blooms seem fit company for the potatoes and broccoli which form their rotation crops.

The harvest is a back-aching job, but the growers count on 250,000 blooms a day.

Somehow or other, they say, come raids, come rain the shining, bright anemones will gladden the hearts of the old folks at home. RON GARTH.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

—You have only your watch-and-chains to lose!

What happens when a "Poor Little Rich Boy" meets a sturdy son of toil provides a surprise for Communists and a belly laugh for all in O. HENRY'S "SOCIOLOGY IN SERGE AND STRAW"

THE season of irresponsibility is at hand. Come, let us twine round our brows wreaths of poison ivy (that is for idiocy) and wander hand-in-hand with sociology in the summer fields.

Likely as not the world is flat. The wise men have tried to prove that it is round, with indifferent success. They pointed out to us a ship going to sea, and bade us observe that at length, the convexity of the earth hid from our view all but the vessel's topmast. But we picked up a telescope and looked, and saw the decks and hull again.

Then the wise men said: "Oh, pshaw! anyhow, the variation of the intersection of the equator and the ecliptic proves it."

We could not see this through our telescope, so we remained

silent. But it stands to reason that, if the world were round, the queues of Chinamen would stand straight up from their heads instead of hanging down their backs, as travellers assure us they do.

Another hot-weather corroboration of the flat theory is the fact that all of life, as we know it, moves in little, unavailing circles.

More justly than to anything else, it can be likened to the game of baseball. Crack! we hit the ball, and away we go. If we earn a run (in life we call it success) we get back to the home plate and sit upon a bench. If we are thrown out, we walk back to the home plate—and sit upon a bench.

The circumnavigators of the alleged globe may have sailed the rim of a watery circle back to the same port again. The

truly great return at the high tide of their attainments to the simplicity of a child. The billionaire sits down at his mahogany to his bowl of bread and milk. When you reach the end of your career, just take down the sign "Goal" and look at the other side of it. You will find "Beginning Point" there. It has been reversed while you were going around the track.

But this is humour, and must be stopped. Let us get back to the serious questions that arise whenever sociology turns summer boarder.

You are invited to consider the scene of the story—wild Atlantic waves, thundering against a wooded and rock-bound shore—in the Greater City of New York. The town of Fishampton, on

the south shore of Long Island, is noted for its clam fritters and the summer residence of the Van Plushvelts.

The Van Plushvelts have a hundred million dollars, and their name is a household word with tradesmen and photographers.

On the fifteenth of June the Van Plushvelts boarded up the front door of their city house, carefully deposited their cat on the sidewalk, instructed the caretaker not to allow it to eat any of the ivy on the walls, and whizzed away in a 40-horse-power to Fishampton to stray alone in the shade—Ameryllis not being in their class.

If you are a subscriber to the "Toadies' Magazine," you have often—You say you are

not? Well, you buy it at a news-stand, thinking that the news-dealer is not wise to you. But he knows about it all. HE knows—HE knows!

I say that you have often seen in the "Toadies' Magazine," pictures of the Van Plushvelts' summer home; so it will not be described here. Our business is with young Haywood Van Plushvelt, sixteen years old, heir to the century of millions, darling of the financial gods and great-grandson of Peter Van Plushvelt, former owner of a particularly fine cabbage patch that has been ruined by an intrusive lot of downtown skyscrapers.

One afternoon young Haywood Van Plushvelt strolled out between the granite gateposts of "Dolce far Niente"—that's what they called the place; and it was an improvement on dolce Far Rockaway, I can tell you.

Haywood walked down into the village. He was human, after all, and his prospective millions weighed upon him. Wealth had wreaked upon him its direfulness. He was the product of private tutors.

Even under his first hobby-horse had tan bark been strewn. He had been born with a gold spoon, lobster fork and fish-set in his mouth.

For which I hope, later, to submit justification, I must ask your consideration of his haberdashery and tailoring.

Young Fortunatus was dressed in a neat suit of dark blue serge, a neat, white straw hat, neat low-cut tan shoes, linen of the well-known "immaculate" trade mark, a neat, narrow four-in-hand tie, and

carried a slender, neat, bamboo cane.

Down Persimmon Street (there's never tree north of Hagerstown, Md.) came from the village "Smoky" Dodson, fifteen and a half, worst boy in Fishampton.

"Smoky" was dressed in a ragged red sweater, wrecked and weather-worn golf cap, run-over shoes, and trousers of the "serviceable" brand. Dust, clinging to the moisture induced by free exercise, darkened wide areas of his face.

"Smoky" carried a baseball bat and a league ball that advertised itself in the rotundity of his trousers pocket. Haywood stopped and passed the time of day.

"Going to play ball?" he asked.

"Smoky's" eyes and countenance confronted him with a

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Gustoso is an Italian dandy, gourmand, musical direction, fresh breeze, flattery?
2. What is the difference between (a) a cerealist, (b) a serialist, (c) a surrealist?
3. What musician composed at four years of age?
4. In what game are the teams called "rinks"?

5. What is the capital of Sardinia?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Teas, Sate, Tear, Seat, East.

Answers to Quiz in No. 618

1. Term in heraldry.
2. Zinc ore, (b) a plant.
3. Gammadion, fylfót.
4. Goat.
5. Four.
6. Hittite is a member of a Palestinian tribe; others are minerals.

USELESS EUSTACE



"H'm, I see Private Bird's pecking at his grub again!"

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



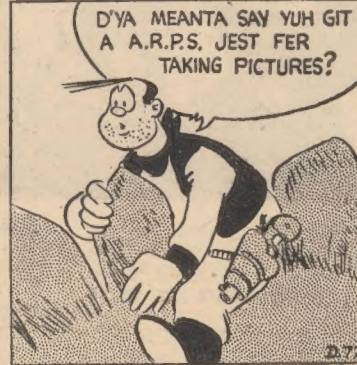
SERGEANT I. F. THOMAS, E.F.I., the man running N.A.A.F.I.'s mineral-water factory at Derna, Cyrenaica, has found a new use for seaweed.

One of his problems was to obtain packing material for transporting his filled and empty bottles. Sergt. Thomas, who speaks Arabic, heard his Senussi employees discussing the uses Italians and Germans had made of seaweed. He made several trips to the shore and collected quantities of it for experimental purposes. When dried in the sun, the seaweed resembles shavings—ideal for packing. Breakages in transit have been cut almost to nil.

The N.A.A.F.I. man also heard his Senussi boys talking of large numbers of empty benzine drums lying unwanted in the desert. He sent a lorry every day to collect them, and solved another problem—shortage of containers. The drums take the place of cases and crates, now unobtainable.

Sergt. Thomas, helped by 19 local nationals, carries out all the work in the factory by hand, there being no electric power. He produces lemonade, soda water and ginger ale for troops in the Derna and Tobruk areas.

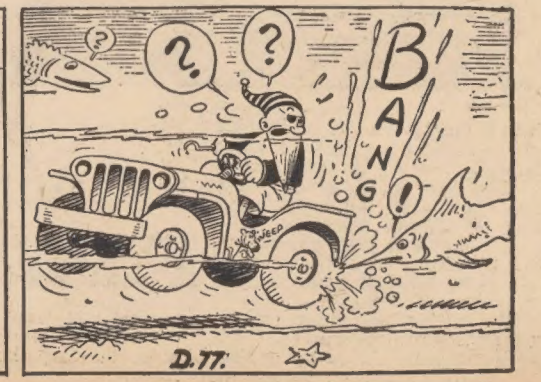
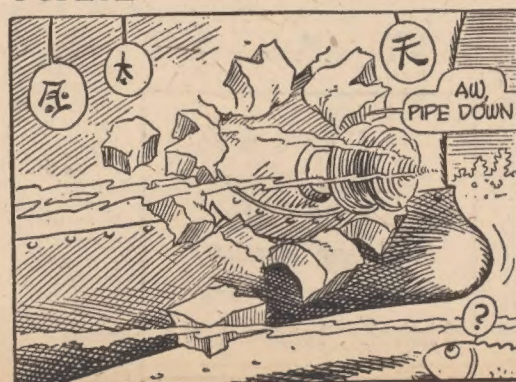
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



A REAL estate firm received the following reply to a Help Wanted ad. in the "Waterbury (Conn.) Republican": "I am answering your advt. I am at liberty. Can act as your clerk and office girl. How much do you pay? What are the hours? What do you mean by stabilisation plan? Does that mean I have to go out with the boss?"

SOMEONE recently ran a "Card of Thanks" in the "Minneapolis Sunday Tribune," giving "especial thanks" to certain initialled people "for their kindness in the loss of my husband." The loss occurred through divorce proceedings, and those being thanked were the witnesses for the wife.

WANGLING WORDS—558

1. Behead an implement and make a space—which is what the implement is used for, anyway.
2. In the following first line of a famous poem both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
3. What famous Italian painter has H for the exact middle of his name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 557

1. L-arch.
2. "It was the schooner Hesperus."
3. ConStable.
4. Saw, was.

JANE



"Sociology in Serge and Straw"

(Continued from Page 2)

frank blue-and-freckled scruntiny.

"Me?" he said, with deadly mildness, "sure not. Can't you see I've got a divin' suit on? I'm goin' up in a submarine balloon to catch butterflies with a two-inch auger."

"Excuse me," said Haywood, with the insulting politeness of his caste, "for mistaking you for a gentleman. I might have known better."

"How might you have known better if you thought I was one?" said "Smoky," unconsciously a logician.

"By your appearance," said Haywood. "No gentleman is dirty, ragged and a liar."

"Smoky" hooted once like a ferry-boat, spat on his hand, got a firm grip on his baseball bat and then dropped it against the fence.

"Say," said he, "I knows you. You're the pup that belongs in that swell private summer sanatorium for city guys over there. I seen you

come out of the gate. You can't bluff nobody because you're rich. And because you got on swell clothes. Arabella! Yah!"

"Ragamuffin!" said Haywood.

"Smoky" picked up a fence-rail splinter and laid it on his shoulder.

"Dare you to knock it off," he challenged.

"I wouldn't soil my hands with you," said the aristocrat.

"Fraid," said "Smoky" concisely. "Youse city ducks ain't got the sand. I kin lick you with one hand."

"I don't wish to have any trouble with you," said Haywood. "I asked you a civil question; and you replied like a—like a—cad."

"Wot's a cad?" asked "Smoky."

"A cad is a disagreeable person," answered Haywood, "who lacks manners and doesn't know his place. They sometimes play baseball."

"I can tell you what a

mollycoddle is," said "Smoky." "It's a monkey dressed up by its mother and sent out to pick daisies on the lawn."

"When you have the honour to refer to the members of my family," said Haywood, with some dim ideas of a code in his mind, "you'd better leave the ladies out of your remarks."

"Ho! ladies!" mocked the rude one. "I say ladies! I know what them rich women in the city does. They drink cocktails and swear and give parties to gorillas. The papers says so."

Then Haywood knew that it must be. He took off his coat, folded it neatly and laid it on the roadside grass, placed his hat upon it, and began to unknot his blue silk tie.

"Haden't yer better ring fer yer maid, Arabella?" taunted "Smoky." "Wot yer going to do—go to bed?"

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

Your Name by Magic

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Have the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the columns the first letter of the name is contained. If it is found in one column it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of the column in

which it is to be found, the sum taking one letter at a time, in the way outlined above. The whole word or name may be plainly spelled out.

Take the word JANE, for example. J is found in two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet. Their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought.

The next letter, A, appears in but one column, the first, where it stands at the head. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H, which are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet; added, they give fourteen, or N; and so on.

Syd de Hempsey

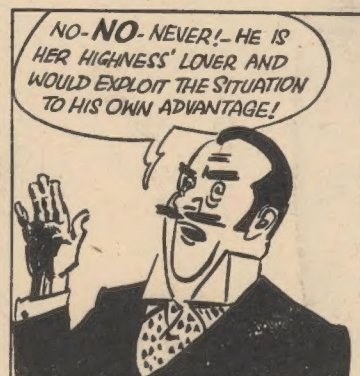
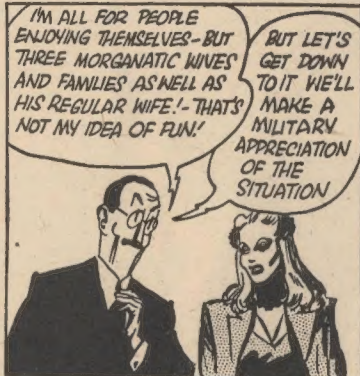
CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS: 1 Through. 3 Handle. 6 Silent. 9 Show. 11 Girl. 13 Detail. 14 Rare. 15 Pleasant. 17 Gael. 18 Holder of degree. 21 Sun. 22 Number. 23 Obstruct. 25 Memento. 27 Festive occasion. 29 Fish. 30 Wed. 32 Neighbouring land. 34 Salary. 35 Vocalist. 36 Drink. 37 Islet. 38 You.

CLUES DOWN: 1 Comes conveying. 2 Nevertheless. 3 Damp. 4 That is. 5 Neuralgia. 6 Sheer. 7 Reveal. 8 Pay up. 10 Corrupt. 12 Garden tool. 14 Marine plant. 16 Clever. 19 Love story. 20 Shark. 23 Sort of harbour. 24 Respect highly. 25 Girl's name. 26 Wet weather. 27 Burst of rain. 28 Italian coin. 31 Sheep. 33 Boy's name. 35 In direction of.

SAND LESSEN
PROOF APPLE
AGILE TRADE
RUSTED ICED
KEY LEDGER
S REBUS E
CLERIC PEA
PROP TALONS
INANE TASTE
MELTED ERRS

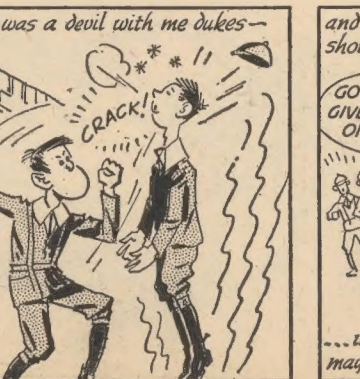
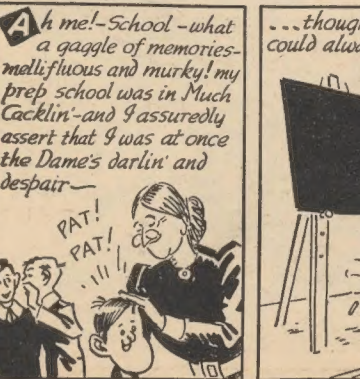
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Knees Up, Miss Lamarr

HEDY LAMARR is a lovely woman. "Lift up your skirts," roared Jean Negulesco. "I want to see your knees!" Hedy and others on the stage stared at the director. Of course, Hedy would affect some men like that. But as she raised her skirts Negulesco explained.

The star was standing on a rock, with the wind whipping her skirts around, for a scene reproducing the Portuguese coast for Warner Bros. "The Conspirators," which will be shown in London soon.

"Your knees," said Negulesco, "aren't they white?" Sure enough, there was white flesh above where brown make-up ended, and it was being revealed when the skirt flapped.

"Make-up man, paint Hedy Lamarr's knees," Negulesco ordered. And at that moment the make-up man became the envy of every man working on the set.

"This is one assignment I take for myself," asserted the make-up man, as he strode forward. "I'd just like to see anybody try to stop me." He was about to disappear behind the rock with the lovely Miss Lamarr when a female voice yelled, "Just a minute, you! I'll take that job."

The owner of the female voice did, too. She was the hair-dresser—and the make-up man's wife!



Good
Morning

Jane and Greta say:

"IT'S NICE KNOWING YOU BOYS"



Oh-hh, the elephants
danced around,
And the band began to
play,
And all the "Janes" in
Portsmouth Town
Were dressed in the rig of
the day.

And this is our Jane
dressed in the rig of the
day! Trouble is, the
Editor says, Jane's careless
about details. He told us
she was improperly
dressed—but we've peered
at her cap and examined
her rings, but blessed if
we can see it.

We present—"Greetings from Greta"—this
programme comes to
you from Steve Dow-
ling, the artist who
draws "Ruggles" for
you each morning. He
says "Good Hunting,
blokes," and she says,
"You'll be seeing me."

